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HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

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FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns and scratched everything 'round.
"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be;
At pricking and scratching there's few can match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green and her flowers were pure white;
But all who came nigh her
Were so worried by her,
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the Violet, just over the way;
"I wonder," said she,
"That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:
"'Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,
Even the worms at her feet
She would never ill treat,
And to bird, bee and butterfly always is sweet."

The gardener's wife just then the pathway came down,
And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown;
"Oh, dear! what a tear!
My gown's spoiled, I declare;
That troublesome Brier has no business there;
Here, John, dig it up; throw it into the fire."
And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.
—*Mrs. Anna Bache, in Little Christian.*

SAVING THE SPOONS.

Two Remarkable Bronze Dogs and a Boy Who Was a Sort of a Hero.

"Yes," Philip Howard was saying, "I'll tell it to you ten times more, if you say so. It is as true as preaching. Every time those bronze dogs on Uncle James Monroe's steps hear the Fourth Ward fire-alarm they jump down and bark."

"Pooh!" said Earnest Weston. "I don't believe it. Bronze dogs can't bark."

"I didn't say they could," replied Philip. "I only know these do every time they hear that bell."

"I don't understand it. Of course I know well enough that it's a trick, but I can't see through it," said Richard Monroe. "Say the whole thing over once more, slowly, won't you, Philip?"

Philip spoke with great distinctness:

"You know, I presume the house on Euclid avenue, where Mr. James Monroe, who has the honor of being my uncle, lives?"

"I ought to," said Richard, doubtfully, "for I live there myself, if he is the Mr. James Monroe who has the honor of being my father."

"Exactly the same," replied Philip. "Well, you are aware then that beside the steps before that house are two dogs made of bronze. Many a time and oft have you and I played circus upon their backs, and now you pretend not to understand me when I say that every time they hear the Fourth Ward fire-alarm they jump down and bark."

"Did you ever see them do it?" persisted Richard.

"No."

Philip admitted the fact with some reluctance.

"I never remember, though, being at your house when the Fourth Ward fire-alarm sounded. You must have been there lots of times—queer you never noticed them."

"One question more and I'll stop," said Richard. "Have they always done so?"

"Always; just the same as now," was Philip's prompt response.

And Richard, pausing only to say: "I know it's a trick and not the truth, and I'll find out before I'm done," walked slowly away from the boy and towards his own home.

"Why didn't you tell him?" said Earnest to Philip. "He'll bother over it ever so long."

"But he'll puzzle it out before he stops," said Philip, proudly. "He is a smart little fellow, if he is my cousin he thinks and thinks till he gets things worked out every time."

On the steps leading up to the front door Richard stopped to look at the dogs. They were certainly quiet, as their kind are liable to be; if they jumped down to bark at fires, they were very careful to jump back in exactly the same place.

It was very provoking to be so puzzled by what he knew perfectly well was only the twist of some word; though he repeated Philip's sentence over and over without getting the least idea of what the catch might be.

The next Wednesday he was wakened in the night from a sound sleep by the noise of a door, slamming violently. He started up in his bed, listened, and heard the ringing of the Fourth Ward fire-alarm bell.

Then, if ever, was the time for proving that dog story. He was forbidden to go to fires at night; but Tom, who was grown up and did business with a lumber company, always went. He had slammed the door, which Richard knew would be unbolted until his return.

Richard had never been told that he must not go into the garden to hear the dogs on the step bark at fire-bells, so hastily slipping on shoes and clothes he made his way quietly down the stairs and out the door.

The dogs were in the usual position, but Richard knew that Philip had some foundation of truth to his declaration; so he waited for the bell to ring again. He leaned upon one of the dogs—a dangerous proceeding if the animal performed as Philip predicted. But Richard knew that if the rush of the hose-carts caused a trembling, or if the wind or echo sounded in their throats the gentlest noise, that could be exaggerated into a bark, he should be in a position to hear.

But there was neither motion nor sound. Again and again the bell sounded, and each time the dogs failed to jump, or bark, or be in the slightest degree affected.

He was so interested in his experiment that he did not notice Tom, who, finding the fire far distant from his lumber-yard, had returned after a few moments.

The slipping of the bolt on the inside of the door roused Richard to the fact that he was locked out. When he thought of ringing the bell, and so gaining admittance, he had for the first time grave doubts as to whether the heads of the household would altogether approve his performance, even if they had not forbidden it.

Moreover, he felt that he would not enjoy explaining his motive; he realized as he had not before the utter foolishness of imagining even that those dogs would jump and bark, and he did not care to expose his folly.

He walked around the house, but he knew the fastenings too well to have any hope of getting in.

He came back, resolved to wait quietly until the servants came down in the morning, and then go in by the back door.

He seated himself in a sheltered corner of the porch, where it was comparatively warm. The last stragglers from the fire were returning, and it seemed as if but a few minutes had passed, when he was startled by the sound of steps upon the porch.

Somebody was trying softly to open the front door, then each of the windows.

Richard did not act upon his first impulse, which was to run, nor upon his second, which was to scream, because he was too frightened to obey any but his third impulse, which was to remain perfectly still.

Evidently this was a burglar. Richard knew burglars as members of the community upon whom society, as a rule, frowned, but he had always felt that they had certain compensating privileges, after all, since they had such a simple and easy method of getting the things they wanted.

He was anxious to see how this one would manage to get into that closely-guarded house, and, after a moment or two, ventured to follow him at a safe distance.

He had heard that burglars preferred not to kill people who did not molest them, and he felt a strong curiosity to know how they managed.

The man passed around the house, tried every door and window rapidly, but not very scientifically, thought Richard, who had imagined burglars to be as skillful as the people in "Arabian Nights" in doing away with slight obstacles of brick and mortar.

This one came back to the outside cellar-door, and Richard soon learned his plan of entrance, for he drew out a lantern and proceeded to file the lock. It was very soon done. The man gave a quick glance around, saw nothing, softly put back the door and started down the steps.

After a moment, Richard followed him there. He trembled some, for the burglar seemed closer than when he was out of doors, but he kept after him, through the cellar and laundry, up the stairs and across the kitchen.

In the hall beyond the man paused and studied the doors, each in turn. He was aiming for the dining-room, but he made a mistake, and opened the door of a long, narrow passage, leading to a disused conservatory. The ceiling was low, and a depression in the center, caused by some unaccountable freak in the stairs above, made a place where the unwary always came to grief.

Richard stood still in the hall and watched the man feel his way through this passage and as he approached the dangerous place the boy's excitement all found expression in a tremendous yell, which sounded through the house from garret to cellar.

"You'll bump your head! Look out! look out!" he screamed.

The man did bump his head, but he did not stop to thank Richard for the warning. He sprang through the door, and by the time the startled family had assembled to demand the cause of the uproar, was well out of the way.

But for the evidence of the cellar-door they would have supposed Richard to be the victim of a dream; but the filed lock and the lantern dropped in the kitchen obliged them to put faith in his disconnected story, for he tried to assume in the beginning that it was quite customary for young gentlemen of thirteen to be taking promenades at three o'clock in the morning.

"Such a chance as you had to be a hero!" said Tom. "Here is the key in the door. When the fellow was in the passage you might easily have turned it and locked him in. I certainly never heard of a boy, with such a chance to do a big thing, who did a thing so utterly absurd as to yell to a burglar not to bump his head. You wanted him to get the spoons, did you?"

"I don't wonder that you never heard of such a thing. If you wait for me to tell, you'll never hear the whole of this," answered Richard, rather crossly.

But the next day Philip came, and Richard "gave up" the dog mystery.

"I must say that I am disappointed in you, Dick," said Philip. "I expected that you would think it out, sure. I said that they barked when they heard the bell—*when*, mind you. But as their ears are put on for ornament, I don't suppose they heard the bells the other night; so they couldn't be expected to bark."

Richard's thinking power was a family joke for some time. But one day at dinner he said, with great seriousness:

"I have been thinking—"

"Mother," interrupted Tom, "I protest. The last time Richard indulged in a thinking turn it nearly cost us the spoons. Tell him to stop it, mother."

"Thinking about that night," proceeded Richard, not deigning to notice Tom. "If I hadn't happened to be out the burglar would have come in just the same, wouldn't he?"

The family admitted that he probably would have come in.

"And nobody would have heard him," continued Richard.

Probably not.

"And he might have carried off everything in the house. So the dogs and I did save the spoons. In a kind of a way I believe I'm a sort of a hero, after all. Mamma, I'll take another piece of pie, please."—*Harriet B. Waterman, in Golden Days.*

—The length of the wire used in the construction of the submarine cable, now in operation, is computed to be ten times the distance from the earth to the moon. The total length of the cable now used is 68,000 miles, each cable containing an average of forty strands of wire, and making over 2,500,000 miles.—*Chicago Herald.*

—It is said that ex-Senator Hill has sunk at least one hundred thousand dollars in newspapers in Colorado.

PERILS OF INDIAN FIGHTING.

Reminiscences of the Raids of Sitting Bull and His Painted Warriors.

"Why do I keep that cartridge-box hung over my desk? It's a relic of my life on the plains, for around that little box cluster some of my greatest trials." The speaker, a middle-aged man, was seated in his office on Court street.

"It first became mine when I joined the Twenty-second Regiment at Fort Gratiot in July, 1876, about the time brave Custer and his command had gone to slaughter. Troops were hurried into the field. On the seventh of the month our detachment started for Fort Lincoln. We found the garrison there very small, all troops that could be spared having been sent to the front. We marched to Powder River, where we met Indians in large numbers. Custer's command had left a lot of corn on the right bank of the Yellowstone, and when we came up the redskins were ferrying it across to the other bank.

"It was my first fight, and how narrow was my escape that little note in the box bears witness.

"A few miles further on we reached the Indian camp, and there found the arms of the slaughtered command. While there I took up a revolver I found in a tent, and put it in my inner coat pocket, thinking I might sometime need it. Continuing our march, under the direction of Buffalo Bill, we made for Glendive Creek, and there went into winter quarters.

"The Indians hovered in large numbers about the camp. It was the universal belief among the troops that going out of the camp on scouting duty meant death. It was by no means pleasant news to me to be detailed to carry the mail between Glendive and Fort Buford, seventy-five miles away. I was accompanied by a half-breed scout. The trip was made successfully. After we returned to camp I was sent with a detachment of scouts to the headquarters at Glendive Creek.

"Three days after we arrived Indians surrounded us. Among the hills were hundreds of savages in fierce war paint. The commanding officers met in council, and about midnight I was ordered to report. The Colonel said: 'I want you to take this dispatch to Fort Buford. Travel as fast as you can, and deliver this in person to Colonel Hazen; our ammunition and provisions are giving out.' I started. The night was clear and still. The guard let me out through the picket line, and, leading my horse, I stole out into the darkness revolver in hand.

"I started my horse on a slow trot and rode at that speed for about twenty miles until I rode directly into an Indian camp. The dogs announced my arrival, and in a moment more the Indians were in hot pursuit; but my horse was one to be relied upon, and I soon left the most of my pursuers behind. There were two young bucks, however, who kept close after my trail for hours. My horse was becoming winded and I determined to fight. Drawing my carbine I fired one shot, killing one of my pursuers' horses, and I immediately followed it with another, which had some effect, as the Indian gave up the chase. At ten o'clock the next day I was in Fort Buford, and two hours later a large body of cavalry, with a wagon train, started for the besieged camp. When I started to return the train was about twenty miles ahead of me. The wagon train missed the right trail. I was unable to find the command, and after hunting several hours in the rain I determined to start for the camp on Glendive Creek. My horse was in bad condition, and I concluded I would camp for an hour and make a little coffee. It was now dark. Picketing my horse, I kindled a fire, and throwing aside all my arms and taking off my belt I determined at all hazards to take a rest.

I was making myself comfortable when I heard what seemed to be the bark of a prairie wolf. I knew what it meant. There were Indians about, and the bark was simply a signal. It was repeated, and then I noticed two dusky forms stealing along the ground. My loaded rifle was within reach, and, picking it up, I took a quick aim and fired. A cry of pain followed, and without waiting to hear the shouts of rage I ran for my horse, and mounting I started at break-neck speed, not for the fort as I should have done, but in the opposite direction. I found that my arms were gone but one. I still had the revolver I had picked up in the camp where we had found the arms of Custer's men.

I rode all that night, and on the following night ran successfully into Camp Glendive, without any trouble save a personal encounter with one Indian near the picket line. The next day Colonel Hazen arrived with reinforcements, and Sitting Bull and his bloodthirsty savages were foiled. A week after I was sent with a force to Fort Buford, and on the ground where I had left it was my rifle, and near by the cartridge box.—*Boston Globe.*

The finest selections of Wedding goods just received at this office.

TOM'S SOPHOMORE YEAR.

Why He Preferred to Wait, and Why Topsy Was Not Sold.

Tom stood in the middle of the room, with his hands in his pockets, and whistling softly, looking about him. It was a plain little room just under the roof, but it had been Tom's room ever since he had had one of his own, and he was attached to it. But in a day or two, so he was saying to himself, he was to leave it for nearly a year. There, near the head of the bed, stood his trunk, a funny old trunk that had belonged to his grandfather, and was covered with hairy hide fastened with brass nails. He had just been packing it, and a glance at its contents told where he was going to spend the coming year. For besides his clothing might be seen green-covered Latin and Greek grammars, leathern-bound lexicons, an algebra, a geometry, a copy of Livy, and several other books which spoke of a college course.

For three days latter, at his college in a country town more than a hundred miles away, Tom Sargent intended to make his appearance as a learned Sophomore. "Just to think!" he said to himself. "It's only three days now, and then I'll see all the fellows. Won't we have some powwows? And won't we dig into the old classics and mathematics?" and he gave a boyish shuffle on the floor to give vent to his delight. Just then he heard a step below his window, and looking out he saw his father entering the yard on foot.

"Why, father!" cried Tom, suddenly. "Did you walk all the way home?"

"Yes.'

"Why, where's Topsy?"

Topsy was Mr. Sargent's little black horse that he had had for years; and now that he was getting old, and growing heavier and more bulky as age crept on, he had done but little walking in his business about town, but made Topsy his invariable companion.

"Where's Topsy, father?" asked Tom again.

"Well, Tom," said his father, laying down his knife and fork, "I suppose I've sold Topsy."

"Sold Topsy!" cried Tom. "Did you know it, mother?"

But his mother's face was answer enough.

"Why, what for, father?" Tom continued. "So'd Topsy! And the new buggy you bought last year, to make your driving easy; have you sold that, too?"

"Yes, I've practically sold them both. The bargain isn't really closed, but Joe Watson has taken them to try, to-day, and if his offer's fair, I shall take it."

"Why, father," said Tom, in a remonstrating tone, as he brushed back his stiff hair. "Why, your business keeps you travelling between your shop and the folks that work for you, all the time. You can't walk that much."

"I must cut down expenses," said Mr. Sargent. "I've run behind, this last year. There's no other way."

Nothing more was said.

After dinner Tom went up to his room again, and sat down on a corner of the trunk.

Topsy sold! And the buggy sold! It did not seem possible. And to think of his father, far from being vigorous now, yet forced to plod about continually over the rough roads. The backs of the grammars and lexicons, smiling up at him from the trunk, made him uncomfortable. He rose, and shut down the cover of the trunk, and stood for a long time with his hands in his pockets, looking out of the window.

There was a very pretty landscape of green pastures and woodland outside, but Tom saw nothing of it. His eyes seemed to be fixed on some far-away place beyond the horizon. After a while he turned and began to pace the room. Then he paused by his trunk, and opened it again, and looked in. What pleasant suggestions it offered, what promises it held out!

The room was small and plain, and Tom was by no means a good-looking boy. But such boys are sometimes the heroes, and such rooms the battlegrounds of contests which make no noise in the world, and which yet demand as much pluck and character in the victor, as has many a famous contest for a kingdom and a crown. Tom continued his walking to and fro in the little room, whistling now and then, and from time to time throwing himself into a chair restlessly.

The afternoon wore away. The sun dropped till it seemed to rest an instant on a peak which Tom could see from his window, and then the room suddenly grew dark. The change seemed to rouse Tom to a decision. He put on his hat, and a moment later was walking toward the center of the town.

The next morning, when breakfast was ready, Tom was not on hand. But just as his father and mother were beginning to wonder where he could be, what should they see but Tom, driving Topsy up to the door, and hitching her to the post.

"Tom," said his father, as he came in, 'what does this mean?'

"It means you're going to keep Topsy, sir," answered Tom, going up to his father and putting a hand on each shoulder. "Father, I've thought it all over, and I've decided not to go back to college this year, but to stay at home and work. That will be enough saving, so that you can keep the horse and buggy, and I'll lay up what I earn, and pay my own way when I go back to college next year. I'm young enough to wait. So you mustn't say a word. I'd rather do it, and it won't hurt me a bit."

And it didn't hurt Tom. When his sophomore year did begin, he was better able to appreciate the worth of his studies. He was happy, too, in knowing that his pleasure and profit were gained without subtracting from those of others.—*Charles Stewart, in Youth's Companion.*

"REINDEER HUNTING."

An Exciting Pastime Engaged in by Esquimau Boys.

One sport that amuses the Esquimau boys very much would probably be called in our language "reindeer hunting." Having found a long and gentle slope on a side hill, they place along the bottom of the hill a number of reindeer antlers, or, as we sometimes incorrectly call them, deer-horns (for you boys must not forget that the antlers of a deer are not born at all, but bone). These antlers of the reindeer are stuck upright in the snow, singly or in groups, in such a manner that a sled, when well guided, can be run between them without knocking any of them down, the number of open spaces between the groups being equal to at least the number of sleds. The quantity of reindeer antlers they can thus arrange will, of course, depend upon their fathers' success the autumn before in reindeer hunting; but there are nearly always enough antlers to give two or three, and sometimes five or six, to each fearless young coaster.

The boys with their sleds, numbering from four to six in a fair-sized village, gather on the top of the hill, each boy having with him two or three spears, or a bow with as many arrows. They start together, each boy's object being to knock down as many antlers as possible and not be the first to reach the bottom of the hill. You can see that, in such a case, the slower they go when they are passing the antlers the better. They must knock over the antlers with their spears or arrows only, as those thrown down by the sledge or with the bow or spear in the hand do not count. They begin to shoot their arrows and throw their spears as soon as they can get within effective shooting distance; and, even after they have passed between the rows of antlers, the more active boys will turn around on their flying sleds and hurl back a spear or arrow with sufficient force to bring down an antler.

When all have reached the bottom of the hill they return to the rows of antlers, where each boy picks out those he has rightfully captured, and places them in a pile by themselves. Then those accidentally knocked over by the sledges are again put up and the boys return for another dash down the hill, until all the antlers have been "speared." Sometimes there is but one antler left, and when there are five or six contesting sleds the race becomes very exciting, for then speed counts in reaching the antler first. When all are down, the boys count their winnings, and the victor is, of course, the one who has obtained the greatest number of antlers.—*Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, in St. Nicholas.*

Damages in Both Ways.

Sickness is the most expensive thing in the world. In two ways: It puts one to a direct cost, and prevents one from earning money by his labor. We say nothing of suffering, for the money cannot pay for that. How much better to keep oneself well by the use of Parker's Tonic whenever there is the slightest sign of ill health.

A Roland for an Oliver.

[To The American.]

Hillman, Swain, Dews and Dodge were four eminent young lawyers of North Carolina, and as they attended the same courts and frequently traveled together, the monotony of legal discussions was often varied by brilliant scintillations of wit, intermingled at times with severe practical jokes. Dews, the brightest mind of the four found an early grave; and Swain, who alone lived out the time allotted to man, after filling the highest positions of honor and trust his State could confer, while ex-Governor, was elected by the Trustees President of the State University at Chapel Hill. This position he held for more than thirty years' and through his wonderful tact and judicious management the institute attained that high degree of eminence which is still so deservedly enjoys.

On one occasion, during a brief interim of the court's session, Dodge in a facetious mood wrote on a slip of paper the following epitaph:

"Here lies a Hillman and a Swain,
Whose lot let no man chose;
They lived in sorrow—died in pain,
And the devil got his Dews."

Provoking a smile from each as it passed along, the slip at length reached Dews, who recognized its author at once returned the following:

"Here lies poor Dodge, who dodged all good,
And dodged a deal of evil;
But after dodging all he could,
He failed to dodge the devil."

J. S. G.